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## RED CROSS AIR RACE

(See story page 9)



# THEY TOOK AWAY THE FENCE

By Australian author

RUSSELL J. OAKES

IT was an iron fence, standing upon a stone wall. Each upright bar was topped by an arrowhead pointing skyward. It ran along two sides of the property, and for its full length it was shaded by glossy-leaved camphor laurel trees. The sun patterned the street pavement with quaint geometrical designs formed by the fence and the foliage.

It had character, that fence, and it was impregnable. It defeated even the most inquisitive, and people ceased to be curious about the old house that rested behind it.

"Our Guardian," she had often thought as she drove through the great iron gates on her homecomings. "Peter's and mine."

Then the war had swept the world with fire. Peter had enlisted, and was killed early in the fray.

It was bitter grief, but she had made herself proud of her son as a mother should be proud. The fence had helped, because it had kept "them" out; kept them from knowing her agony. It had been her protection.

Then had come a time when the nation needed metal. There was her solid iron fence, stretching round the two extensive sides of the block, and the massive double gate. All told, "enough iron to sink a battleship," she told herself. But she knew she would lose something with the fence. All privacy would be gone. She would not be alone. The grounds would be open. "They" would get in. She was never quite certain in her mind who "they" were, but they would be intruders, and they would trample on precious things, if not deliberately, then in their ignorance.

These fears were overcome, however. Workmen came, and for a week there was a great potter of chipping and picking along the wall. Section by section the fence was laid down on the sidewalk until it was all there, and the grounds looked very exposed beyond the damaged plaster.

It was a large house, too large for her alone. She would sell it and find a small, comfortable flat somewhere.

The very first intruder was a nondescript little dog. It sniffed at

the broken wall, then hopped in and eyed the vast grounds with amazement. Its ears pricked with interest. Then it seemed to go wild. She watched it from a window. It was playful and rather amusing as it bounced about the lawn.

The letter-box had gone with the fence, and now the mail was brought to the front door and thrust under with soft, slithering sounds.

The day The Letter came the door stood open, and she came out to take it personally. As she went to the hall she realised with a touch of interest that she had never seen the postman. The delivery of mail she had accepted without question. Now she was surprised to see a smart young woman in a postal uniform carrying the postman's shabby bag. Of course. Women were doing so many things nowadays. A strange new curiosity for the world outside possessed her.

"You are delivering the mail, now?" she asked. The slender young woman smiled cheerfully.

"Mr. Carter's fighting the Japs," she said casually. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" The postwoman was gone, and she had left a lone letter. It was a military envelope with the "O.H.M.S." crossed through. She took it into the lounge, for she felt as if it had something to do with Peter. It had. His company commander had written very earnestly to her, and very kindly. He told her about Peter in a few well-chosen phrases.

"I have no wish to intrude on you at such a time. Your son, Peter, was well known to me, and I feel you should know how it came about . . ." There followed an account of Peter. Behind the semi-formal explanation she read a suggestion of sympathy conveyed, and there was a certain pride that was not merely a compliment to her.

"Private Patterson brought him back although we knew he would not last long . . ."



"I'm glad I came," he said, looking steadily down at her.

"Just as it is?" he repeated, when she had told her story.

"Just as it is," she told him, "excepting for a few personal treasures. Otherwise everything. The furniture and billiard-room, and the sunroom—everything, just as it is. I am finding myself a small flat."

"But all those beautiful things . . ."

She smiled sadly and with pain for a moment. She thought of Peter. She knew, now, the reason why the fence had been taken away. It was not to let "them" in. It had been to let her out. With simplicity and sincerity, she said: "Nothing can be too good for them."

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"At first the change from a city office to war work was almost too much for me—in fact I nearly gave it up. But I found Bile Beans taken regularly, ideal for keeping one healthy and fit. The extra physical strain does not bother me at all now. I feel right up to the mark."—Miss J. Roberts.

Pte. Patterson. "Snowy," Peter had called him in his letters. Men had such odd names for one another. Peter had never used them until he had gone away, and then his letters had become dotted with "Snowy" and "Bluey" and "Butch."

Peter had explained their nicknames, but she could not credit any of them with a sense of dignity. They were all people from "outside," those people she had kept out so carefully. She admitted their courage, their sacrifice, but they were beings from another world. It had jarred her when Peter had written:

"Grand fellows all of them, and I'm one of them. I wouldn't mind if I fell with them, because their spirit rises above death." That had been long before the terrible shock had come and Peter's spirit had risen again.

She turned back to the letter, her eyes blurred.

"I have given Private Patterson your address. This is a liberty, but in the circumstances I feel sure you would like to see him."

The war had swept aside so much, yet she felt a certain misgiving over the prospect of Private Patterson's visit. How did one make conversation with a "Snowy"? Illiterate, not very well educated, a bus driver in his civilian life—this "Snowy" Patterson. She would have to see him. She owed that to Peter.

HE came in the afternoon, two days later. The doorbell played a soft, rippling tune, and she hurried to go downstairs. It was late afternoon, but the reception-hall was still light. She had always been grateful for the amber glass roof over it. She opened the door and faced "Snowy" Patterson.

He was tall, and he wore the familiar uniform with unintentional grace. Tunic and canvas belt, trousers tucked into gaiters over his polished boots. Something told her that the boots had been polished unusually well just as his snowy hair had been over-brushed for the occasion. He wore that deceptive air of ingenuousness typical of young men in the presence of strange women. He came in nervously, fumbling his hat.

"Did you have far to come?" she asked with formal solicitude.

"Oh, no. Only half an hour by train. I'm staying at 'Burnside.'"

"Isn't that a boarding-house?"

"It's a convalescent home now. Red Cross. It used to be a boarding-house."

She remembered it. Not a very bright boarding-house by all ac-

counts, still it had a roof and four walls.

"Why are you in a convalescent home?" she asked.

"Malaria," he said. "It's my third dose. It comes back on a mad now and then." She took him into the lounge room and took a chair opposite him. He sat there uncomfortably, looking at the room surreptitiously. She told him about the company commander's letter, and she found it difficult to draw from him anything but quiet affirmatives and monosyllables. Then she took her courage in both hands and asked a foolish question:

"You tried to save him, didn't you?" she asked steadily. He looked surprised and guilty as though she had accused him of petty theft.

"Well . . . of course . . . I tried," he said slowly, in embarrassment. "Anyone would."

For a moment she was quiet, sitting beside the huge old fireplace, with its jardiniere-vases and over it a portrait of her great-grandmother . . .

So this was Peter's "Snowy" Patterson. His appearance was as she had expected, his voice was as she had expected, yet there was something unexpected, too. The spirit behind his steady eyes, the same bold, generous, boyish spirit as Peter's. That had been something the men had shared. That was why Peter's letters had made this "Snowy" Patterson so important. They had been fighting the war together, and they both knew why. They had built no fence round themselves, and when Peter had fallen "Snowy" had brought him back. Gallantry they imagined was commonplace.

As they talked he grew more at ease. The outward manner was lost in their common grief, and when he rose to go he knew the woman as a brave, bereaved mother.

"I'm glad I came," he said, as he stood up to go. "I can't do anything, but . . . I'm glad I came." He was so earnest, so genuine, and he looked so steadily from his eyes that were surrounded by the wrinkles of a strong emotion.

"I'm glad you came, too," she said. "You were very kind."

After he had gone, she went back to the lounge, and, sitting down under the portrait of her great-grandmother, she began to cry very softly.

It was during the following week that she went to interview the Red Cross Society. The superintendent was amazed and impressed.

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**P**UT yourselves in my position." The major looked round the table and his three listeners looked at their plates. Nobody wanted to put themselves in Major Hartley's position. Certainly not Miss Pringle, whose figure had always been her pride—she did not envy the major his curves. Sub-Lieutenant Denny wouldn't have changed his job in the Navy even for a major's crown; and as for Helen Seton—she had always taken a dim view of the Army. Helen was in the W.R.N.S.

"Put yourselves in my position," the major repeated. "Here I am stationed in this off-the-map village—possibly for the duration—and I have nowhere to put my wife. Nowhere," he repeated, glaring at Miss Pringle with unnecessary ferocity.

Major Hartley had arrived alone at Miss Pringle's guest-house a week ago, and had spent all his spare time in unsuccessful house-hunting. His wife was to follow when he'd found somewhere to put her.

He broached the subject again to Esmond and Helen after dinner, when they were sitting round the fire in the lounge.

"Would you two young people like to come with me on a house-hunting expedition to-morrow?" he asked.

"I'm afraid we can't, sir—"

"We'd love to—" They both spoke together, but Helen broke off in surprise and looked at Esmond. Surely they could, they'd made no plans for to-morrow. Esmond murmured something about having an appointment in the morning.

"Well, I'd love to, even if Esmond can't," said Helen firmly.

"Good, about eleven, then?" The major rose and carefully knocked out his pipe.

As the door closed behind him, Helen dropped a cushion on the floor and slipped down beside Esmond's chair. "Darling, you haven't really got an appointment to-morrow, have you?" she asked.

"Well, I half promised a chap—" he began. "And besides, I don't want to find houses for other people." He turned and met her grey eyes. "When we look for houses together, darling, they'll be houses for ourselves. You go along with the major if you want to, and find him a nice, cosy nest for himself and his wife. I just don't want to come, that's all."

"But wouldn't it be rather fun to go and look at his house and pretend for a few hours that it's going to be ours?" she asked. "After all, we will be looking for a house when we're married after the war."

"After the war?" he echoed in surprise. "We'll be married a lot sooner than that, my girl, unless the war ends before my next leave."

"But we can't get married while the war is still going on!"

Helen gave the logs a little shove with the poker to emphasise her words. Esmond didn't answer at once, and a little shower of sparks went up, breaking the silence with a crackle.

After a moment he leaned forward and took the poker out of her hand and laid it on the hearth. "Stop playing with the fire and tell me one thing—why did you say you'd marry me?"

"Because I love you."

"And is there anything to prevent us getting married when I have my next leave?"

"Of course there is—the war. How can we get married now?" Helen looked at his eyes, serene and confident, looking down into hers. How could she find words to make him understand that she was frightened? Frightened not for herself, but for him. Frightened of taking away that look of confidence, that calm serenity that he needed so much in his job.

"Why do you suppose the major is always fussing about his wife?" she asked.

A little smile touched the corners of Esmond's mouth. "Because she is his wife—he fusses for the same reasons that I'd fuss about you. He wants her to be with him—I know I couldn't hope for that. And he wants her to be happy—so would I. It's quite natural, darling, I'd feel just the same. Only I hope I wouldn't make such heavy weather of it."

"But that's just the point, Esmond," Helen said earnestly. "As your wife, how can I be anything but a worry to you when you're half the world away?"

Esmond leaned down and took her hand. "Esmond will be my link with home," he said.

"But we know we love each other, we can plan together for the future, isn't that enough?" She tried to draw her hand away, but his fingers closed for a moment more strongly over hers, then, releasing them, he smiled down at her and shook his head.

Helen felt that a cold fog had settled between them, isolating them from each other. It had always been so easy to share her thoughts with him, but now when it was something she felt so strongly was important to their whole lives, he had suddenly put on blinkers and refused to look beyond the fact that he wanted to marry her on his next leave.

Cupping her firm little chin in her hands, she settled herself on her cushion, determined to show him where he was wrong.

Six weeks had taught Esmond a good deal about his future wife. He knew better than to argue with her now. Two days ago she'd

# SINGLE MINDED

**Helen held very decided views on wartime marriages**

By...

**CELIA BEVERLEY**



*"Esmond! Esmond!" she gasped. "I was frightened you were hurt."*

said she'd marry him; perhaps in time she'd get used to the idea of marrying him while the war was still on, and forget her firm conviction that a wife's worry to a man on the high seas,

He rose and pulled her to her feet. "I don't know anything, darling, except that I love you. I want to marry you now."

The question was still in Helen's mind when she set off the next morning with Major Hartley to walk to Little Mopsey, where there was said to be a furnished house to let. As the major prattled on about his wife, Helen was holding an imaginary conversation with Esmond.

If they were married what would their

life be like? She in the W.R.N.S. and he in the Navy—with only the tenuous thread of letters to link them together. Surely that was too much for marriage—surely it was better to wait.

"I must consider my wife," the major's voice broke in on Helen's thoughts. There it was again. Just what Helen had tried to explain to Esmond. She didn't want him worrying about her or considering her now. He had enough worries of his own in his job.

Helen dragged her thoughts back to the present as they turned into a road flanked by rows of ugly villas.

They let themselves into number twenty-five with the latchkey the agent had given

them. "Not a house I would have chosen, of course," said the major.

"Still, I think your wife will find it very easy to look after," said Helen, as she peered into cupboards and inspected, with appreciation the brand-new gas stove.

"Do you really think she'll like it?" He was almost pathetic in his eagerness.

As they went from room to room together, Helen couldn't help feeling a pang of envy for the unknown Mrs. Hartley. She could have her home and her husband even now, in wartime. She and the major were of that lucky generation which had married before the last war. They had shared together the years between.

Helen tried to picture herself in this house, settled down and married to Esmond. That was what marriage was—a life together. Surely she was right to keep their marriage as something deserving their best, not something tacked on to their separate war jobs.

"My wife must have a home," the major said as they finally locked the front door behind them. "That is one thing I have always prided myself on being able to give her."

"That's what all husbands feel—really feel, I mean?" Helen put the question anxiously

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Page 3

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"Of course, naturally," he answered, not bothering to elaborate the obvious. Helen sighed. Almost she had hoped he would assure her she was dead wrong in her idea about husbands.

"When is your wife coming to join you?" she asked as they left the house.

"I shall get on to the agent to-day, and if I can make suitable arrangements I shall telegraph her to join me at once."

They parked at Miss Pringle's door. The major went out to see the agent, and Helen got her bicycle out of the shed. She had promised to meet Esmond at the "Green Dragon" for lunch.

The "Green Dragon" was filled with the usual crowd of Service men and girls. Esmond was already there, and had staked a claim to a table by the window.

"Heard the latent?" he asked, when they were seated. "Tubby Davis and Betty Hearne have just got married."

"But Tubby is on embarkation leave!"

"All the more reason to get married now," Esmond's voice held a faintly belligerent note.

Across the table Helen met his eyes, and all at once the pent-up sense of frustration which she had felt all that morning welled up and burst out.

"You think it's because I don't love you that I won't marry you now. Can't you see that it's be-

cause I do love you? Look at Major Hartley: 'Where shall I put my wife—I must consider my wife.' Why, it's like a theme song, the poor man never thinks of anything else."

"Darling, are you trying to say that I'm like the old ass?"

"Well, all married men—" she began, but Esmond cut her short.

"When you start generalising about married men you simply don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"It's obvious that you don't know what I'm talking about, so there's not much point in my saying any more." She stood up abruptly, suddenly feeling that she must get away.

Esmond had risen, too, but he made one last effort. "Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps the major likes to worry about his wife?"

Helen turned and looked at him over her shoulder as she reached the door. "Don't be so—so stupid, Esmond," she said in a tight voice.

Esmond's face, as he followed her outside, wore the expression of a man who has stood all the nonsense he can. "I'd wait for years if there was any sense in it," he said curtly, "but there isn't, and you know there isn't. You'd better find yourself a man with a house and a reserved job—that's what you seem to want."

"When I do get married I won't pick a pig-headed, obstinate, unreasonable nit-wit." She drew his ring off. "You'll no doubt be wanting this," she said, "since you're in such a hurry to get married."

The satisfaction of that parting shot carried her along for about five minutes of her homeward journey. For the rest of the day she was submerged in miserable gloom.

## Single Minded

Continued from page 3

bus time-table Helen saw her hands were trembling.

"They say he's not injured," she went on, fumbling for her glasses, "just suffering from shock. Here, you look," she thrust the time-table into Helen's hands, "while I go and put on my hat. I must go to him at once—thank goodness, I was here when it happened."

Helen took her to the bus stop and heard the rest of the story as far as she knew it.

"He was driving himself at the time," said Mrs. Hartley, "and apparently came into collision with the accident by now."

Helen dropped the telephone and snatched her cap from its hook. The naval headquarters—of course they'd know! Jamming her cap on her head she flung open the door.

With a frantic leap she was down the steps, and then recognised with a shock the familiar figure coming toward her.

"Esmond—Esmond! I was frightened you were hurt," she gasped.

"Why, darling! This is wonderful—I thought you mightn't want to see me," he panted, hastening to meet her. "That's why I came along without knowing you."

For a breathless moment Helen gazed at him, taking in his white and unshaven state and the realisation that he hadn't been the cause of Major Hartley's smash. Then she pressed her cheek against his and dissolved into tears.

"If it had been you I would never have known—they would never have told me because I don't mean anything," she whispered brokenly.

"Who would never have told you what?" he asked, mystified.

"They wouldn't," she repeated unhelpfully. "I can't stand this any longer, Esmond. We've got to get married, we've got to get married at once. Oh, darling, it's awful not being married to you."

Just for a moment Esmond was stunned. But only for a moment; without stopping to work out the more obscure details, he gathered Helen into his arms, knowing that somehow or other victory was his.

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# A HOUSE IN BARBARY SQUARE

By...  
D. K. Findlay

**H**E was dreaming and someone was knocking at his door. Through the mists of sleep he knew it was still the middle of the night—if he kept quiet it would all slide back into the dream. A light dazzled him and he threw an arm across his eyes, muttering,

"Wake up, Mr. Pickersgill."

So now his name was Pickersgill. That was odd, for it used to be Lawrence, but he was too bemused to care. He was sinking back into his fleece-lined cloud when someone began to shake the bed.

"Whassat, huh? Whatist?"

"Are you awake?"

He made a sound between sleep and a snarl. He squinted up trying to locate the centre of disturbance. It seemed to be moving away toward the door. He knew then it was all part of a dream in technicolor, for a lady in purple with the most marvellous golden hair was walking across his floor.

A sound brought him wide awake at last and he sat up staring at his door. He would have sworn he heard it close.

Aroused by the reality of his vision he got up and peered out. The corridor was black, the house was quiet. He got back into bed and, after a time, went to sleep.

Barbary Square lies in the west of London, a suburb of handsome facades facing green squares from which the iron railings have been removed. Number 44 was one of a row of similar houses—tall, narrow, brown brick, chimney-potted, with delicate fanlights and white doorsteps.

The row was not complete. The second-last house had been removed by a bomb and the borough had made the foundation into an emergency water-storage tank.

Sam Lawrence, attached to an American mission in London, had come to Number 44 by chance. A friend of his who had returned to America had a room there and Sam had taken it over rather than go house-hunting. He had hoped to live among his own countrymen; he found himself cast away among the English.

He had only been there a week. Another week, he thought, would drive him bats. It seemed to him that Number 44 housed the queerest people he had ever met.

There was Mrs. Campion, a fluttering gentlewoman, who was a lady only because she owned a house and nothing else. There was Colonel Tenchley, retired, with a yellow skin and frozen eyes, who kept a bulldog. There was Ferdie, the chinless wonder, a weedy youth whose accent set Sam's teeth on edge, who seemed to be accosted status as a human being.

In a different class there were Mrs. Cherrill and her giant daughter Violet. For the rest they were mainly middle-aged, weather-beaten folk, depressed by long hours of work. The only friend Sam had made in the house was 'Arriet, the lively little Cockney maid.

When Sam came in to dinner that night the menagerie was grouped round its small tables, feeding. He usually sat at a small table by the window. There was a girl there with shining fair hair and a skin like a young peach. Sam stared.

Mrs. Campion fluttered up. "Oh, Sylvia, this is Mr. Lawrence of America. Mr. Lawrence, this is Sylvia Cromer, who has been away on her holidays. Dear Sylvia," she said and fluttered off.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good evening." He sat down and looked her over cautiously. "Look, you are real, aren't you? My nerves aren't playing tricks again?"

"Again? Do they often play tricks?"

"I've seen you before. I had a dream last night—you walked through my room wearing a purple cloak and a golden crown."

"I wore an old purple sweater," she

said, laughing. "No crown. Are you always as hard to waken as that?"

Apparently this strange girl did not care if everyone knew she was strolling about his room in the middle of the night.

"You were there, then?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't know Mr. Tibbets had left. His was the name after mine on the roster, so I went to waken him."

"On the roster?"

"Fire-watching roster." He groped but these were words without meaning. "I know I sound awfully dumb, but would you mind explaining some more?"

"Not at all. In this house, we take fire-watching in pairs. Each pair takes four hours' duty. Mr. Tibbets, your predecessor in your room, and I were paired. I used to take the first two hours, he the second. Before you go off watch, you must see that the next person is awake. Sometimes Mr. Tibbets was pretty hard to waken, too. It is all quite voluntary, you know, but everyone here takes it in turn."

"You mean that all these old—I mean that someone here is woken and wakened every hour of the night?"

"From blackout to sunrise. It wasn't just a social call." She was smiling as she slipped her napkin into its ring. "I just invented the Pickersgill. Lawrence is much nicer. Have you been long in England?"

"About two weeks. Go on—ask me how I like it."

**S**HE smiled, then asked: "And how do you like England, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I don't. The whole place gets me down. The money, the food, the people." He lowered his voice: "Just take a gander round this room. Would you say this was a typical English group?"

"Yes, rather. Except that I think the people in this house are more agreeable than most and get along well together. Don't you?"

"I never saw a queerer bunch of characters—and when I say characters I mean eccentrics."

She made a bubble of clear laughter and rose. "It couldn't be homesickness, could it? I'm going upstairs to make coffee in my room. Would you like some?"

"Coffee! Real coffee? Lady, I'm right on your heels."

She made coffee on an electric grill. He drank thirstily. "It's not just good—it's wonderful! Perhaps England isn't so bad after all."

"Tell me about our queer characters."

"Well, for goodness' sake, look at them for a moment. Take any one of them. Take Colonel Tenchley. You say good-morning to him and he looks at you as if you had a nerve speaking to a real colonel like that and five minutes later he says h'm to his bulldog. Then there's Mrs. Cherrill and her daughter Violet—Violet, what a name! If you say Violet and her mother are a perfectly ordinary English mother and child then I'm going back on the next boat."

"Listen. One night I came in rather late. The stairs were in darkness. I pressed the switch, and there were Mrs. Cherrill and Violet sitting on the stairs in their nighties. Just sitting there in the dark. I asked if there was anything wrong, and Violet said no, everything quite all right, thank you; and they just went on sitting there. What do you make of that?"

"Well, they weren't actually disturbing anyone, were they?"

"That's not all. Next day 'Arriet handed me a bunch of chrysanthemums or daisies or something, with Mrs. Cherrill's compliments."

"That was very sweet of her. She is very fond of flowers. And I'm very fond of Violet and her mother."

Sam looked at her and gave it up. "Okay, okay. Tell me some more about fire-watching. Perhaps I can understand that."

"Someone in the square is always awake."

"And if there is a raid?"



Sam sprinted forward, as Mrs. Cherrill bent toward the bomb.

ing the reception of the new bombs, they continue to deal with incendiaries as they were accustomed to.

"But I say—!" protested Miss Whittaker. But the meeting was breaking up into knots of people who began immediately to talk about the latest change in food points, the wonderful Russians, and the state of the dahlia beds in the square.

Walking home, Sam thanked Sylvia as for a treat. It was wonderful, he said, to see the English character in its full gaudy bloom.

"Haven't they any imagination? Can they guess what it will be like if explosives are dropped with incendiaries?" That Mrs. Pettapiece—she's so cute I'd like to keep her on the mantel for an ornament, but has she any conception of what happens when a bomb goes off?"

Sylvia gave him an odd look.

"I expect so," she said. "She was through the blitz . . ."

It was to be a whole week before fire-watching duty came round for them again, and it seemed to Sam a long time to wait. He waylaid Sylvia one evening and suggested that he might be of more use as a fire-watcher if he knew something about it.

"Righto," she said.

She took him downstairs to the area where the pumps, the spades, and the long-handled snuffers were kept. She showed him how an incendiary could be snuffed out with sand or extinguished by the spray from a stirrup-pump.

A curious feeling came over Sam. She was a pretty girl, with a clear title to romance and good times, and here she was in a dingy basement room handling rusty tools. It was monstrous that she should be exposed to the violence of bombs.

They went round to the wardens' post in the next street. The post was sheltered in the basement walls of a strong old house.

"Hi-ho, Mr. Coverley. This is Mr. Lawrence of Vermont, checking up on Civilian Defence. Just put on a raid for him, will you? He wants action."

Please turn to page 20



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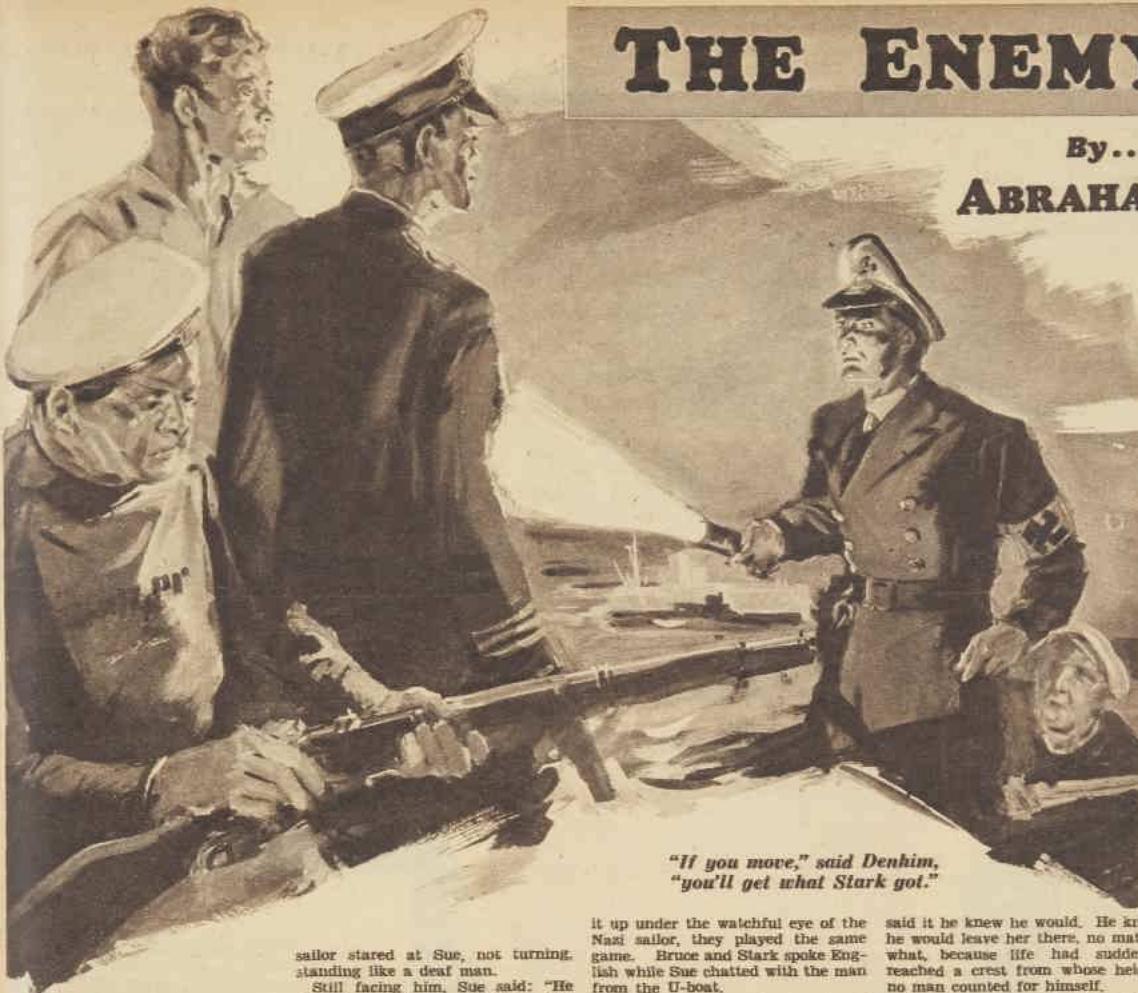
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# THE ENEMY SEA

By...

ABRAHAM POLONSKY



*"If you move," said Denhim,  
"you'll get what Stark got."*

sailor stared at Sue, not turning, standing like a deaf man.

Still facing him, Sue said: "He doesn't understand English. You talk to Stark, Bruce; I'll talk to the sailor in German." And smiling at the Nazi she began to speak in German. He smiled and answered her.

"How do we stand?" Bruce asked. Stark held the coat out to Bruce, who took it and examined it.

"There's no chance now." The even voice of the steward had no excitement in it. "They've got all the men locked away, and we can't get to them. There's no way to escape now."

Bruce asked, "Would it do any good if we escaped to the island, Stark?"

"If we tried to swim, maybe," Stark replied.

"How?"

Sue moved back and took her coat. She said something and the sailor laughed and spoke. She said, "He says he has to report right away."

"If we get to the island, do you know where we would be? Could you find out?"

Stark said, pointing to the coat as if he were talking about it. "I come from the keys off Florida. I've hunted and fished there. I know the place. If we can get off this boat, we can make the mainland. The islands go across to the mainland like stones across a pond."

Sue started to put on her coat, and Stark began backing away.

"Then we'll chance it," Bruce said. He smiled falsely. "Try to get back here later."

"I'll be back," Stark said.

They lived a long time that afternoon, closed in Rebow's cabin. They didn't have the courage to speak of feeling, or love. They spent the time like two very young people getting acquainted for the first time.

Stark came in with another tray at dinner time, and as he set

it up under the watchful eye of the Nazi sailor, they played the same game. Bruce and Stark spoke English while Sue chatted with the man from the U-boat.

"Is there a chance for you to get back to-night?" asked Bruce.

"Sure," Stark replied easily. "But what about Miss Tennant? Can she jump off the boat and swim to the island? Can she swim with us from island to island?"

Bruce picked up a slice of bread. What about Sue? What about leaving her to face Denhim and the others even if the escape were successful?

"She'll have to stay on." Stark lifted the tray, and placed it under his arm. "She'll never make it. It's one ten-mile swim after another."

Sue interrupted them: "Isn't there anybody else?"

"No," Stark said. "I can't get to anybody else. You and Mr. McCloud are easy to get to. Captain Rebow lets me come here."

Sue said, "All right. We'll be waiting."

**S**TARK went out and the sailor locked the room again.

"I'm not leaving you here on the ship," Bruce said. "I'm not getting off and leaving you behind to drown with the rest."

"You're not trying to escape," she said. "You're trying to save us. Two have a better chance than one. And I don't think there'll be much rejoicing here when you and Stark get away, if you do. They won't dare drown us. They won't know what to do."

"I'm not going," he said.

She sat down and very calmly began to eat. "Eat something," she said. "We've got plenty of time to talk."

"I'm in love with you," he said. "I'm not leaving you now."

"It's for the others." She bit into a slice of white bread. She scooped up beans on her fork. "If Larry and the others aren't exposed, this game'll go on forever."

"But you," he said. "You."

"Never mind me," she replied calmly. "I'm not worth much. I've been a fool for a long time and I'm paying for it. But you've been wonderful, Bruce. You've been the one." She put the fork down, and an intense, strained image flashed across her face, and suddenly she was in his arms. "When I think of never seeing you again, I want to live, Bruce. I wasted all those years, and now they're gone."

"I won't go," he said, but as he

And then from the portholes, going from one to the other, Bruce and Sue saw the silent shapes rise from the sea. The U-boats rose, and the movement of men and voices began, everyone working in the twilight, in the gloom. They heard the pumps begin to sound.

"Where's Stark?" Sue asked. She moved round the room. "If you two only had some guns or something."

But Bruce sat in silence, listening to the noises, knowing he would have to leave her on board, knowing he would go. They didn't speak, but she put her arms about him suddenly, suddenly kissed him, and just as suddenly let go.

And then, faintly through the other noises, they heard the door of the cabin being opened.

"Hey." It floated in a whisper to Bruce.

"Stark." Bruce whispered back. He got up and moved swiftly to the cabin door.

"Help me pull him in," Stark said.

In the gloom through the half-open door Bruce could make out Stark leaning over a limp figure. It was the Nazi sailor, and Bruce helped drag him through the door.

"Shall we tie him?" asked Bruce.

"He's dead," Stark said. "I've got his gun and a hand grenade. But that's all. It's all he had."

"Never mind." Sue whispered. She took Bruce's arm, holding him tightly. "You've got to escape, not fight them. Go on."

"Miss Tennant's right." Stark handed the bomb to Bruce, who held it awkwardly. "Just pull the pin out and throw it. That's all." He was at the door again. "Come on."

Sue pushed Bruce forward.

But he turned to her, holding back, not afraid of anything but leaving her.

"Please," she said.

"What'll happen to you if we get away?"

"Coming?" Stark called softly from the half-open door.

Sue pushed Bruce away, and without a good-bye he followed Stark through the door and heard it close behind him.

The wind blew on the deck, and all round them dark shapes moved, and the sound of engines going came to them.

"Listen," Bruce said in Stark's ear, "there's no way to stop now. We've got to take chances."

Bruce went through the gloom. Suddenly a group of German sailors surrounded him, talking German. Bruce moved ahead out of their midst. His heart was tight in his chest and he breathed with difficulty, but no one noticed him. The sailors moved away, carrying boxes to the head of the stairs going down to the main deck. Bruce turned and followed them. He wondered where Stark was, and suddenly the steward appeared out of the darkness.

They waited in silence while the evening gathered and began to beat the darkness down on the sea and shore with its heavy, fury wings.

Please turn to page 14

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# World Y.W.C.A. leader on visit to Australia



ENGLISH VISITOR. Mrs. Arthur Grenfell (left) at tea with Mrs. W. D. Walker (Y.W.C.A.), Third Officer Phyllis D'Arcy Irvine (W.R.A.N.S.), Flight-Officer Betty Rapke (Y.W.C.A.), Lieutenant Betty Charlesworth (A.W.A.S.), Miss Betty Diamond (Y.W.C.A.).



MRS. CHURCHILL, who is a personal friend of Mrs. Grenfell, presenting a bravery award to a raid heroine.

## Expects to enter Europe soon after military invasion in vast reconstruction army

Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, vice-president of the world Y.W.C.A., now visiting Australia, expects that after her visit here her next work will be to go into Europe with the army of reconstruction that will follow the invasion.

"It is almost frightening to think of the amount of reconstruction work to be done and the problem to be faced," said Mrs. Grenfell. "We are being so careful to train only people who appreciate all the hardships ahead. For there is still that most uncertain factor—how will we be received? It will take all our resources of courage, tact, and Christian faith to pull us through."

MRS. GRENFELL'S one regret is that her visit to Australia coincides with the most tremendous happenings in English history and that she is not able now to be among those lending a helping hand.

"I have come at the invitation of Lady Gowrie and with the full approval of the Queen and Mr. Churchill to tell the Australian people something of the problems being grappled with in England, to express appreciation for all the Dominions are doing to help, and to take back a picture of their war effort," she said. She travelled via India, Burma, East and West Africa, Egypt, Persia, and Iraq.

Mrs. Grenfell's only personal link with this country is that one of Adelaide's main streets, Grenfell Street, is named after her husband's grandfather, Pascoe St. Leger Grenfell, an English M.P., anti-slave advocate and supporter of William Wilberforce.

The trim, modern, grey English Y.W.C.A. wartime uniform with blue epaulettes and blue triangle emblem worn by Mrs. Grenfell is a poignant contrast to her old-world graciousness of manner and her ethereal appearance, fair fluffy hair, blue eyes, and Cupid's bow lips. But mentally and spiritually she is up to the minute and keenly looking forward to the exertions of work in Europe.

Quite reluctantly she admits that she was painted during the last war by Gerald Kelly, R.A. "But I have not come to talk about those things," she adds. "Life is so serious and urgent now."

### Has four children

MRS. GRENFELL has four children, three step-children, and thirteen grand-children, two of whom are twins, born since she left home.

Two sons are majors, one in Burma and one with General Montgomery's armies.

The post-invasion reconstruction army is known as "Covar," she says. The name signifies Council of Volunteers for Relief and Rehabilitation. It will work at distributing supplies taken to Europe by Unrra (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association).

Volunteer organisations, all of international character and with Christian foundation, which are sharing in Covar are the Red Cross, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Y.W.C.A., YM.C.A., Save the Children Fund, Society of Friends, and British and Foreign Bible Society.

All are undergoing strenuous training in special Government courses in languages, history, phil-

### Mrs. Churchill's Zeal

MRS. GRENFELL is a personal friend of Mrs. Churchill, as well as being associated with her in Y.W.C.A. affairs.

"The personal attention given by Mrs. Churchill to every small detail of her Y.W.C.A. work is typical of her in all the wartime activities she undertakes as wife of the Prime Minister," said Mrs. Grenfell.

"She is president of the Y.W.C.A. wartime fund, and has often rung me up at eight o'clock in the morning to discuss some urgent or knotty point connected with the fund."

osophy, and customs of the area to which they will be despatched.

The Y.W.C.A. Training School in London, of which South Australian Anne Bignell is principal, is running special courses for leaders for Covar.

First job will be medical relief and food. After that there will be rubble to be cleared away and housing structures to be built.

"Later we shall have to start building up all the disrupted social services of the countries freed.

"We shall have to be so careful which nationalities we send to serve the various stricken countries. Representatives of neutral countries will probably have to go to Axis States, and so on. It is going to be a terrific undertaking.

"For a long time the reconstruction army will work under military control. They will wear their own association uniforms, but will have an identifying disc.

"The currency to be used is one of the big problems still to be worked out," added Mrs. Grenfell.

"One of the things that our members must appreciate is that although we may have much to teach the European countries, they will also have much to teach us. After all the horrors and agony they have suffered they will have learned much of spiritual things that will be good for us to learn."

Post-war reconstruction in England has already moved ahead, says Mrs. Grenfell, with special emphasis on the children. A Government survey was made of the child situation, which revealed that about 40 per cent of the children were running wild, as a result of bombings, evacuations, and mothers working at munitions.

To overcome this, the Government has instituted the Service of Youth, for children between 11 and 16 years of age.



MRS. ARTHUR GRENFELL, vice-president of the world Y.W.C.A., who is on a tour of Australia at the invitation of Lady Gowrie.

Girls wear navy-blue skirts and forage caps and white blouses, and boys navy pants and forage caps and khaki shirts.

Girls take lessons in all home crafts, and the boys do useful work in hospitals and institutions besides collecting salvage and performing messenger duties. Their general health and nutrition are cared for.

Boys and girls from 16 to 18 years of age enter pre-service groups to prepare them for national service.

The Y.W.C.A. has led in the Service of Youth movement, and

large recreation rooms and hostels have been thrown open to boys as well as to girls.

"One extraordinary thing we have noticed," said Mrs. Grenfell, "is that when there is any little inside domestic job to be done the boys rush to do it."

"On the other hand the girls are showing marked preference for outdoor work."

"The total womanhood of England has been mobilised," added Mrs. Grenfell. "Selfishness, laziness, greed are being pushed out for the hideous things they are."

"We are in the grip of a grim and searching situation, and the women are standing up to it well."

Mrs. Grenfell has brought sev-

eral messages from people in England to Australians, and has delivered them herself.

Pretty Verna Bell, of Dandenong, Victoria, is one of the happiest girls in Australia at present because Mrs. Grenfell brought a message from her fiance, Sergeant-Pilot Jack Milne, R.A.A.F., whom she met at the Boomerang Club in London just before she left.

Mrs. Grenfell wrote to Verna from Perth and in Melbourne from her to give the message personally.

In Melbourne, Mrs. Grenfell was particularly interested in a visit to Grenfell House, which has been so named in honor of her visit.

It is the latest Y.W.C.A. residential club to be opened in Victoria.

One very interesting section of the Y.W.C.A. War Services work in England mentioned by Mrs. Grenfell is the use of mobile vans which go out to deliver comforts to the remote posts where girls are serving in the forces.

## OUR COVER: Red Cross Air Race

Our cover design this week symbolises the Red Cross Air Race by which money is being raised in New South Wales for the funds of the Red Cross.

RED Cross branches are competing in the race to International Red Cross Headquarters at Geneva and back.

The "planes," each with two pilots aboard, are symbolised by little flags on an air map. Each mile travelled represents a shilling raised or donated to the branch.

The plane which travels the greatest number of miles by a certain date is the winner.

On the cover, Alf Fischer, staff artist of The Australian Women's Weekly, shows one of the racing "aircraft" pouring out its precious freight of silver coins into the lap of a Red Cross Voluntary Aid to enable the corps of self-sacrificing Australian women which she represents to

carry on its work among sick and wounded servicemen.

Small branches in lonely outposts are competing against those in large country centres and metropolitan areas.

### Staunch spirit

IT is a giant undertaking for them.

In their limited field, even to attempt the task of winning, but such is the spirit of these little bands of Red Cross volunteers that they have not only entered the race but intend to right up with the leaders in the last lap.

In Victoria, a similar air race is being planned for later in the year.

All over Australia now special appeals are being made for Red Cross funds.

In South Australia, workers are holding a State-wide Miss Red Cross Competition to raise money for

their divisional headquarters general funds.

They hope by the time the competition ends in August to have accumulated the greatest amount of money ever raised in South Australia for the work of the Red Cross.

In Queensland, Red Cross branches opened their special half-yearly drive for funds with a successful Red Cross Week in Brisbane from May 15 to May 21, and have now started all over again with plans for other money-making schemes to be held later in the year.

Everybody knows of the wonderful work the Red Cross is doing to save the lives of our wounded in forward areas and to bring comfort and cheer to them in hospitals and convalescent camps.

Not everybody stops to realise that this vast job cannot go on without the pennies donated by generous citizens.

To-day the scope of Red Cross work is so great and the demands upon it so urgent that every citizen in the Commonwealth is asked to spare something for the general funds.

# Editorial

MAY 27, 1944

## THE CHINESE FIGHT ON

**A**MID preparations for the Second Front, new American landings in the Pacific, savage thrusts and counter-thrusts on the Indian border, China fights doggedly on.

The Japanese have now invaded China's "bread basket," Honan province.

*But the Chinese have kept up the struggle already for nine years, and they will continue it as long as their enemy remains undefeated.*

Since the Japanese closed the Burma Road, all war supplies have had to go into China by air.

These supplies are valuable, but as compared with the volume of armaments being directed against the Japanese in the Pacific, they are only a tiny trickle.

The way the Chinese are making do with these odds and ends of guns and ammunition is one of the epic stories of all time.

American artillerymen have been flown across from Burma to instruct Chinese guerrillas in the use of the new guns.

*Tattered soldiers, drawn from many sectors of the Chinese front, gather in a remote valley and glean from these instructors, through an interpreter, the elements of aiming and firing.*

They then have to return and instruct their fellow-warriors.

The scheme seems pitifully makeshift.

*But it reinforces the astonishing resistance the Chinese are putting up.*

They keep 30 per cent. of Japan's armed forces continuously engaged.

China's part in winning the war must not be forgotten when the time comes for peaceful reconstruction.

*Her people must be given a chance to build a new and better life that will express the dignity, the tirelessness, and the tremendous courage of their race.*

—THE EDITOR



# R.A.A.F. troops in island landing . . .

## Bayonets used to dig foxholes in jungle

Transport and arrival of R.A.A.F. ground staff on an island well north of New Guinea, recently captured by the Allies, are described in a letter this week.

The many false starts, nights of discomfort and final settling-in are described by LAC Frank Hines in a letter to his mother, Mrs. G. Hines, 16 Margaret Street, Granville, N.S.W.

**W**AITING to go on to the ship, we were hauled out of bed at midnight. Into a couple of trucks we piled with our gear and off into the starry night, which was not to last.

The drivers of the trucks did not know where to go, so we drove here, drove there; in fact, I think we just toured northern N.G.—such a pity it was not in the daylight.

Anyway, we finally arrived back where we started, the rain falling steadily.

Having gained so-called information, the drivers set off again. We through, we drove on and on, until finally the drivers gave up and bunged us into an open tent, not a mile from our original camp. Huddled into this tent the two units squatted, too tired to talk. Came dawn after a night that seemed ages, and our sergeant got breakfast for us at a Yankee camp nearby.

We gathered our traps and trudged back to the place whence we started, a bedraggled mob of sticky, soaked through, mud from head to foot. A sorry lot we looked.

Some Yanks thought we were troops just back from the front.

A Yank Navy mob took pity on us, and gave us a feed—pork chops, fresh vegs, fruit salad, and lemon drink. Gosh! such food we'd not seen since we hit the tropics. The U.S.N. eat and live like kings.

We sailed at eventide, joined up with the convoy and headed north once again. On a crowded ship of Yanks, the R.A.A.F. were the only Aussies, and the farthest north-going troops yet.

The trip was extra smooth, a very calm sea and quite an experience. I enjoyed it very much, even though the meals were hard rations, very hard, known as American K. Sea Rations.

At lunch-time on the third day we came in sight of our island. We had to stand off-shore for some time, and had a grandstand view of those filthy Japs being bombed. Later in the afternoon we boarded landing barges and made for the beach.

A classy remark overheard from a Yank in his typical drawl: "Thank God we've the Aussies here to establish a beachhead." Bilmey! The poor, innocent R.A.A.F. unit's expected to do such a job.

However, to proceed, we landed on the beach, now pretty safe.

We lugged our kitbags up a narrow road, heading for a sleeping place. At last we came to it. There facing us was a solid wall of thick jungle, so we had to set to and clear it all with our bayonets. Then we had to set to digging foxholes to sleep in long enough for our bodies and six inches deep—all dug with bayonets and scraped out with the old tin hat.

We stopped in this area ten days or so, spending our days souvenir hunting.

We gathered quite an amount of Jap propaganda trippy leaflets. Gosh, some of the things on them are really crazy. They must think we're a mob of drunks.

On the second morning that we were there a Jap, cut off, came out of the jungle and was promptly riddled.

This took place not 50 yards from us.

—THE EDITOR



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



THRILLING MOMENT for Pilot-Officer Stan Whithy, Qld., when he received his wings from Group-Captain Richards in Canada.—Photo sent in by his mother, Mrs. C. Whithy, 309 Lancaster Road, Ascot, Qld.



THIS LITTLE PIG will make tasty meals for hungry troops. It is being carried by Gunner P. J. Webb, who sent the photo to Mrs. R. F. Webb, Argyle St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.



R.A.A.F. CRICKET TEAM somewhere in the Pacific. Standing, l. to r.: LACs Read, Summers, Lee, Cpl. Sanders, LACs Gilday, Channel, Little, Mattrison and Alexander. Seated, l. to r.: LAC Campbell, Cpl. Coleman, LACs Lombe, Pacey (captain) and Walsh (vice-captain).

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of those who are serving.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Pte. M. G. McMasters, in New Guinea, to Sgt. K. Harrison, somewhere in Australia.

WE landed in between two great mountains, and I said to myself, "If I ever get out of here alive I'll eat my hat." But after you're here awhile you get used to it.

"Boy, are these mountains high!

But there are some striking views.

The tall trees and the plantations covered with tall kumia grass present a delightful picture.

"There's always the thrill attached to the trail, too. As you wind round the sides of the precipitous mountain tracks, muddy running streams, hundreds of feet below, send a cold shiver through the old system.

"This track reminds me of a scenic railway, and the big dipper at Luma Park holds no more thrills than crossing one of these frantic streams by means of a swing bridge, which heaves to and fro as you attempt to cross.

"We carry no light weight either; what with rifle, 'ammo' and gear, we are weighted down. The natives carry most of our sleeping gear and supplies.

"We are with the Yankee boys. Boy, it is sure good to be with them. We get about in their jeeps. They have the best of everything.

"We have had a few raids; no damage—they can't get close enough. But those Nips can handle their planes. It is just as well for us that we have such beaut pilots.

"There's plenty of fish in the rivers and every chance we get we go down with a few grenades. One of the boys goes upstream and throws them



in, while we wait in a shallow place farther down for the fish to come floating by.

"Boy! They are beauties. The best catch we've had with one grenade was seven. They are good eating after bully-beef for weeks."

Steward A. M. Barton, of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A FEW weeks ago we staged a show at the Admiralty Islands, and after we heaved over quite a few 'bees' for Tejo's little bonnet we proceeded to sea to observe the results of our bombardment.

We made way for another cruiser to have a go at upsetting Nippon's traditional bowl of rice.

By this time all magazine crews were allowed on the upper deck to witness the grand finale of the show.

As the other cruiser was hurling salvo after salvo at its target, our microphone came to life with the familiar 'pipe' of 'Tombo' is being played in the Port waist.

"Tombo" is commonly known as house-house, and is a favorite pastime on board.

"I thought it rather an insult to Nip's fighting ability, also a touch of the old Drake spirit which the Service Service has never forgotten."

Cpl. B. F. Mooney, in Darwin, to his sister Joyce, 19 Gordon St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

FIVE others and myself comprise an entertainment committee, and it is our duty to put something differen't on each Saturday night for the boys.

At present we are working on a super-duper concert.

"I am in the ballet and also a couple of skits.

"The ballet is the funniest thing imaginable. Well, Joyce, you ought to see it. We're done up in gaily colored crepe paper frocks and picture hats sandwiches laced with ribbons, besides lipstick, eye pencil, or whatever you call it, and face powder.

"To date, we are going to show at five different places, including a nearby hospital, so you can see it more or less the goods."

(Corporal Mooney weighs seventeen stone.)

LAC E. Smith, in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. J. D. Smith, 80 George Street, Thebarton, S.A.

LAST Sunday I went to a race meeting and met George, the brother in the A.F.P. Gee, Mum. It was a good turnout.

It was run in proper style, no bookmakers, clerks, and officials.

They also had mule races for Mum. Well, you never have seen anything so funny.

It reminded me of Oakbank, where there were all sorts of cars and trucks loaded up with the boys from everywhere, and, what do you think, they had chalked on the sides, 2/5 return to the races.

Well, we had the best time of our lives since being up here and finished up by winning seven out of the ten races."

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB**

EVERY DAY FROM 1.30 TO 5 P.M.  
 WEDNESDAY, May 24: Reg. Ed. *Edgar's Gardening Talk*.  
 THURSDAY, May 25: *First 1.30 to 4.45*: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."  
 FRIDAY, May 26: The Australian Women's Weekly and Goodie Reeve in *Games of Steady*.  
 SATURDAY, May 27: Goodie Reeve presents *It's a Joke*. Competition. "Melody" *Tea-time*.  
 SUNDAY, May 28: 1.15 to 3.00: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music".  
 MONDAY, May 29: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys".  
 TUESDAY, May 30: "Musical Alphabet".

**Return of radio writer**

Maurice Francis, who before the war was one of radio's most prolific script writers, has returned to 2GB after four years in the Army.

He is now writing "First Light Fraser," popular serial heard from 2GB every Monday to Thursday, at 7.15 p.m.

Francis wrote the original scripts of "First Light Fraser," and in taking up the threads again he promises listeners something new in the way of adventures.

The first of his series takes his audience to Mexico, where Fraser (Richard Ashley) and Kay Lawrence (Lyndall Barbour) meet with many extraordinary experiences.

In the Army, Maurice Francis was a member of a transport unit. He enlisted as a private, and became a lieutenant. His opportunities for writing or producing were very limited, and he has been happy to find that his long absence from radio has not affected his rate of writing.

Before the war he used to turn out 42 quarter-hour shows a week.

He does not wish to try to break this record, but hopes to give the public entertaining shows.

Mr. Francis claims that in the past too little attention was devoted to music and sound effects, and the hours should be spent on selecting the music for a quarter-hour show so that it blends with the situations.

Commenting on the progress of radio, he said: "The listening public demand entertainment of a higher standard now, and they are quick to note slipshod or bad production.

"Producing a radio show is very much like conducting an orchestra. The producer's ear must be tuned to every intonation, every pause, so that the final production is harmoniously blended without a single jarring note.

"This, of course, involves extra strain on the producer, but it is worth while to have a finished production.

"The family serial still seems to be the most popular of all radio sessions," said Maurice Francis.

**FILM GUIDE**

\*\* *Johnny Come Lately*. James Cagney and William Cagney, as star and producer, respectively, have turned out an endearing film about small-town politics at the turn of the century.

Cagney is excellent as the care-free ex-journalist, but the elderly stage actress, Grace George, steals the honors in her screen debut. Other fine character players are Marjorie Main, Hattie McDaniel, and Edward McNamara.—Empire; showing.

\* *Let's Face It*. In view of the capable cast, Paramount's musical is slightly disappointing. Even the inimitable Bob Hope is not quite up to his usual hilarious standard, despite excellent teaming with harum-scarum Betty Hutton. However, the story is bright, and builds up smartly to an entertaining climax.—Prince Edward; showing.

\* *The Heat's On*. Mae West, of the undulating figure, blonde curly, and throaty voice, stages a comeback in this otherwise attractive musical. On the credit side go Xavier Cugat's band, Hazel Scott's magic at the piano, and sparkling comedians William Gaxton and Victor Moore.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



**MANDRAKE:** Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game because **SHARPY:** A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract. **NAILS:** A gangster, falls through Mandrake's intervention, to force Sharpy into giving him a half-interest in Lothar. Meanwhile

**MR. JOE:** A fight promoter, decides to sign Lothar and The Champ for a match. Nails bets Sharpy ten thousand that Lothar will be too scared to show up to fight The Champ, then kidnaps Lothar, intending to keep him until after the fight.

**NOW READ ON:**



**TO BE CONTINUED**

# WISECRACKING WACS



SINGING THE WAC SONG. "The Wac is Back of You." It was composed by a U.S. orchestra leader, Phil Spitalny.



"CHOW." Wacs refer to all meals as chow and hungry ones describe themselves as "chowhounds." This meal was their first on arrival in Australia.



"WHAT'S IT LIKE?" Waiting for the order to move, happy and excited Wacs crowd round the bus after their first glimpse of their barracks in Australia.



BOTTLE OF POP enjoyed by Pte. Virginia Moerman, of Milwaukee, at a dance given to welcome Wacs by the American Red Cross and U.S. Special Services Division.



BEFORE LINING UP for "chow" S/Sgt. Emily Geibel, of Pennsylvania, sterilizes her aluminum mess gear. This is routine practice before meals.



LOADED DOWN with gear, cheery Wacs look plumper than they really are. Their all-purpose overcoats are waterproof and lined with wool.

THE first big contingent of Wacs to reach this country, they are mostly pocket editions, shorter, on the average, than Australian girls, with a high percentage of pretty faces, and 100 per cent of gaiety and cheerful wisecracks.

They were thrilled with everything they saw from the moment their ship sighted land.

The Australian airman, absent for four years, who leaned on the deck rail and said: "I could chew a piece out of that constine right now," found the Wacs, in a different way, shared his excitement.

Australians on board, anxious that the girls should know of our manpower difficulties, had prepared them to find a certain amount of enforced civic neglect.

"Why, it's the cleanest city I ever saw," said one. "What a lovely park," said another. "I thought your parks would be all overgrown."

Their bus drive through Sydney was punctuated with exclamations:

"Look at the lovely flowers... Look at the cute little kids... Look how they spell tyres... That's a pretty girl—seems like plenty of competition... Is this your fall (autumn)?... Oh, kids, look, hamburgers!"

"I catch on why you call 'fall' autumn. Nothing falls," said Technician (fifth grade) Madeline

Thompson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Until she saw a gum tree she had thought fir trees were the only ones to keep their foliage in winter.

Meeting the "boys from back home" at a welcoming dance was the highlight of an exciting arrival.

"Oh, boy! she's from New York State," shouted four privates as they converged on one girl.

"Where's someone from Oklahoma? I can't find a girl from Oklahoma," chanted another as he wove his way in and out of dancing, laughing, and chattering American men and girls.

In some corners girls compared notes on their knowledge of Australian currency. Others studied dance programmes, issued by the organizers, which advised against the use of some words in polite use in the States, but highly unladylike in Australia.

Most of the Wacs in this first contingent are stenographers and clerical workers. They will work with the U.S. Army in operational areas.

They receive the same pay as U.S. soldiers from private to full colonel.

Their officers are a fine type of girl, attractive, and highly intelligent, and many have interesting civilian backgrounds.

Among them are some naturalized Americans of foreign extraction.

One, Lt. Villa Ruditsky, wears the ribbon of the Czechoslovakian Medal of Honor, conferred on her by the Czech Government-in-Exile.

Though born in America, she went



BROTHER MEETS SISTER. Cpl. Robert Day and P/F/C. Wilma Day met for first time in three years.



DECORATED. Lt. Villa Ruditsky wears the ribbon of the Czech Medal of Honor.

# CHEERY INVASION



FIELD KIT: Wacs disembark in full field kit complete with ankle boots.



RADIANT SMILE from Texas Bevley Cletcher.

(First Class) Wilma Day, whose brother, Cpl. Robert A. Day, of the U.S. Army, was at the wharf.

"She's the best pin-up girl I've seen," said Robert. "I've got two more like her back home in Alabama."

It was three years since they had seen each other.

None of them knew they were bound for Australia until two days after the ship had left port. All sorts of rumors had flown round.

"It got so that someone spread a story the Wacs had been brought for ballast and would be thrown overboard," said one of them.

There were evidently still some rumor-spreaders left as the ship was nearing Sydney Heads, for one Wac came on deck and said: "They tell me we've been passing through the loveliest tropical islands."

An Australian airman cracked back: "Then they must have sprung up specially for your welcome."

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FROM BUS WINDOW Sgts. Charlotte Nelson, of Omaha, Nebraska, Hallie Phillips, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and Pte. Ollie Mae Johnson happily acknowledge welcome of Australians who waved to them along the route.



DANCING. Lieut. Nina Matleva, Russian-born, with Lieut. Fred Boudeman, of Michigan, at a party given to welcome Wac officers.



FIRST BIG CONTINGENT OF WACS to arrive in Australia, these girls are chiefly clerical workers and include some transport drivers. Wacs are now serving in every combat area where U.S. personnel are stationed. They come from all parts of U.S.



MOVING INTO QUARTERS. Lieut. Elizabeth Flanagan, of Waco, Texas, and Virginia Barton, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, carry in their luggage.

I

"I've got a rope tied to the rail. We can shinny down," Stark whispered. "He went down the stairs, and Bruce followed him."

Stark halted at the rail outside the forecastle door. "Here," he said softly.

"Are you a good swimmer?" asked Bruce.

"Swim like I walk."

"Then you go first," Bruce said. "I'll cover you."

Stark was over the side in a moment.

Bruce put his hand on the taut rope and felt it strain with Stark's descending weight. He stood there, leaning casually against the bulkhead.

Steps came down the length of the deck and a blue glare made a circle of advancing light. Two men stopped in front of Bruce. They spoke to him in German, and just then he felt the rope relax beneath his hand. It twitched twice.

The sailors spoke again, harshly. Bruce put his hand in his pocket, took out the grenade. He found the pin and withdrew it. Then he held the grenade out, as if it were an explanation. One of the sailors took the object.

And Bruce jumped.

As he whirled in air, he heard a short and an immense burst of noise. Cold water hit his face, smacking hard, solidly, and he went through.

It was only a few hundred yards from the Arrow to the island beach, but for Bruce it was a slow swim. His clothes were heavy—shoes, trousers, jacket—like sea anchors. He moved slowly, looking back constantly. A cloud of smoke still hung whiter than the darkness over the Arrow, and he could distinctly hear voices in German and English.

Then across the surface of the cove, he could hear the talking, the pumps going as the Arrow crunched oil into the U-boats. And then a new noise supervened. A steady rhythm of sound, of wood on iron on wood; ears. And almost at his very head Denhim said: "He had

## Continuing . . . The Enemy Sea

from page 7

all his clothes on. We'll wait for him on the beach."

But the whaleboat was about thirty yards away. As Bruce tread water, just staying at the surface to breathe, not trying to get ahead, he could see the looming mass of the whaleboat pass and someone standing in the stern.

The voices came clearly: "What happened with that bomb? Where did he get it?" This was Eddy's city voice, sharp and twisted as his mind.

A German was speaking English now, probably a submarine officer: "Mr. Denhim, I don't know where he obtained that grenade. It was one. It exploded like one."

Eddy again: "Why didn't your men chuck it overboard after that . . . ?"

"The man was a frightened fool," the Nazi replied. "He saw the grenade in his hand and just threw it right into my men. Three are dead, two wounded, badly. How did he get that grenade?"

"I'd like to get my hands on him."

And the whaleboat moved ahead. Bruce could see it against the ruffle of white at the beach-head. Then it slid in. He heard them getting out.

Denhim called: "String out, about fifty feet apart. When you see him coming in, shoot."

It would be a long swim all round the island, and dangerous, too, since Bruce didn't know where he was. The hump of hill rose blacker against the blackness, and Stark probably was there on top waiting for him. But Bruce felt he had no strength for a long swim. He could let himself be caught, if they would bother catching him, and give Stark a chance to get away. And for a brief, weary moment, he considered it. But the answer was made by Stark.

Bruce hugged the ground alongside him.

"I think you got one."

"I only winged it," Stark said. "You can't see to shoot at night."

Below, there was the sound of voices, Denhim's voice, indistinguishable.

"They can't find us in the dark," Stark murmured, "but they'll search like mad to-morrow. The whole plan they've got is a goner if they don't find us." He laughed again, without humor. "Those guys won't dare make for home with any fancy story if we're not accounted for."

They listened, and they heard the oars moving faintly. They could barely make the whaleboat out moving to the gathered mass that hung like an island off the shore.

"Let's get going," Stark arose.

They scuttled back behind the rise and started down along the other slope.

"It's about half a mile to the other side," Stark explained, going ahead.

They walked without speaking, and Bruce thought of Sue waiting in the captain's cabin, facing the angry Nazis, facing them all, and having to say nothing. And those others in the crew, pumping the oil out, maybe a few of them getting knocked around, because the Nazis must be furious.

His feet started to wallow in sand again. They were on the beach, and he could see the black sea hanging away from the black shore.

"We'll wait for daybreak to start," Stark said. "Meanwhile, you take all your clothes off and spread them on a bush to dry while I go back and try to find that life-preserver."

"Take it easy," said Bruce.

"Don't worry about me. You warm up. If you sink your hand in the sand a little you'll find it warm."

Stark disappeared. There were a few sliding steps, and silence.

Bruce bent over to unlace his shoes, when the sound of a stone rolling off frightened him. He knelt tensely, listening.

A burst of shots rent the air and the sea. There was shouting from the other side of the island, and Bruce began to run toward it. He made for the top of the hill, but as he passed a mound of rock, Denhim's tight voice called, "Stand still."

"Unarmed, alone, Bruce halted. His mind sickened with the thought of how they had been tricked into believing the whaleboat had returned to the Arrow.

"If you move," Denhim said, flashing his torch, "you'll get what Stark got."

There was no place to move to, so

Bruce just waited. Figures had materialised out of the darkness around him—Arnold and two sailors. They searched him, and then Denhim pushed him ahead. "Go on."

They walked in silence over the hill and joined a small group on the shore. There were three bodies on the sand, Stark, Eddy, and a third man.

He ran heavily and slowly along the sand, breathing hard, a pain catching at his chest. He was winded, but he moved on doggedly, slowly moving inland.

Far off, almost across the water it seemed, there came an aimless shot, then a profound silence. Bruce stopped, crouching, listening. He heard the whimper of the sea and the next, isolated noise from the submarines and the Arrow. No bird, no animal picked the air, until at his very feet almost, a calm voice said, "Sit down, Mr. M'Cloud. We've lost them."

A hand came out of the darkness and pulled him gently down, and Bruce lay flat, breathing the damp, sandy earth, his cheek upon a stone. His whole life was breathing, only breathing counted, but he heard Stark talking: "After you get your breath, we'll make for the other side of this island. From there to the next one is about ten miles."

"I'll never make it," said Bruce.

"Well," Stark said, "I'll swim ahead, and you follow with a big hunk of driftwood or something. Or" and his voice brightened a little, "maybe we can sneak back to the beach below and get the life preserver."

"The life preserver?"

"Sure," Stark said. "I had a life preserver that I pushed ahead with the gun and ammunition on it, and I nearly lost the whole thing when that bomb went off." His voice dropped suddenly. "Here they come."

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# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week and those just ahead will produce opportunities and good fortune for most Geminians, Aquarians, and Librans, so every effort should be made to achieve desired goals and changes or promotions.

Numbers of Leonians andarians should benefit somewhat, too.

For Virgoans and Pisceans, these weeks may produce unexpected obstacles, delays, worries, and upsets, unless patience and wisdom are used.

Sagittarians are strongly advised to take care of all valued things, whether material possessions, friendships, or jobs.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 23): May 27 very fortunate, so watch opportunities and gain them. May 28 (midday) fair. May 29 (te midday) fair.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 23): Avoid over-confidence now, but consolidate past gains and changes. May 28 and 29 (late afternoon) very fair. May 30 fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 23): Opportunities for gains and promotion through own work. May 23 fair. May 24 (morning) good, rest of day poor. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) helpful. May 27 very good. May 28 fair. May 29 (morning) fair.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Routine business almost nil. May 23 (late afternoon) fair. May 27 helpful.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Plan for more, and work hard. May 23 fair. May 24 (early morning) good; (balance of day) poor. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) fair. May 27 very good. May 28 (morning) good. May 29 (afternoon) good. May 30 (evening) tricky.

**VEGGO** (August 24 to September 22): Be careful to avoid worry, upsets, and mistakes, especially on May 21, 24, and at night on May 28. May 29 difficult. Avoid change, discord, and delays.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Fortune may smile on Librans this week. May 21 (midday) good. May 22 (midday) poor. May 23 (morning) good; (evening) poor. May 24 (excellent). May 25 (day) fair; (night) good. May 26 (morning) good.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Fortune best now. Plan ahead for better. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) fair. May 29 (evening) helpful. May 30 (morning) helpful.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Avoid risks, big changes, carelessness, rashness, and extravagance. Power, opposition, partings, and upsets possible. May 23 poor. May 24 very poor. May 25 (afternoon) poor. May 26 poor. May 27 (midday) fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 19): Keep ordinary affairs. May 25 and 26 (midday) fair. May 27 (after 4 p.m.) fair. May 28 (except midday) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 18): Good use of early hours on May 21. (Balance) fair. May 24 (except noon) fair. Plan ahead for the better opportunities due this week.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Difficulties, emergencies, delays, and upsets possible. May 23, 24, 25, and 26 can be difficult.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents an astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"It's got to be a very nice handkerchief. He's giving me a diamond bracelet."

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

# Fashion PATTERNS

F728

F654

F728. — Very, very smart contrast frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. dark and 1 yd. light, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

### "LOIS"—attractive maternity frock and jacket

Designed in two materials, rayon flat crepe (in shades of pink, blue, royal, navy, green, or black), or in rayon staple fibre (a woolen-like cloth) in grey, navy-blue, reddish-brown, or wine. The frock is made with a dressy shirtdress top, adjustable waistline, and full-length sleeves. The jacket is sleeveless, with fullness at front. Ready to Wear. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/11 (21 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 45/11 (32 coupons). Plus 1/8½ postage.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11 (21 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 48/8 (32 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "LOIS": In N.W. obtain postal order from "The Australian Women's Weekly", 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States one address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and address in black letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page.

Send your order for fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" in the address given in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

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AMERICAN BRIDEGROOM. Lieutenant Lewis Walito, D.F.C., U.S. Army Air Corps, and his bride, formerly Ruth Chimers, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Reception at Roosevelt Club.



PHOTO FROM ENGLAND. Group-Captain Noel Heath, R.A.A.F., and his wife, formerly Nancy Fraser, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Ewan Fraser, of Sydney, and East Grinstead, Sussex, leaving Caxton Hall Registrar's Office, London, after their marriage, which was celebrated on February 29.



CELEBRATING LEAVE. Lieutenant Robert Brown, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Brown dine at Prince's when Lieutenant Brown comes on leave. Mrs. Brown, who was Pam Hubbers, of Brisbane, before marriage, and ex-Hopwood House girl, flew from Brisbane to greet husband.

## On and Off DUTY.

A USTRALIAN Service Movement already has waiting list of wives of servicemen when first hostel to be run by movement is opened on June 1.

Hostel is situated at Strathallen, Turramurra. Accommodation for 50 women and children will be available. Scheme of movement is to care for children of servicemen's wives while mothers are in hospital, and care for wives themselves during convalescent period, as well as their children.

"THINK you'll have to send some of your Awas to U.S.A., as we American women don't think Australian women get enough publicity," says Mrs. Ely Palmer, wife of Consul-General for U.S.A.

Mrs. Palmer tells me American Wives are sending news home about our womenfolk. "They think your women are just as fine as your splendid men. After the war American women will know much more about you," she adds. Mrs. Palmer entertains W.A.C. officers at Point Piper home when they pass through Sydney.

MOTHER'S DAY chosen by George and Jean Pratten for christening of their second son, Jonathan, at St. James' Church, Turramurra. Small family party follows ceremony at Pymble home. Guests congratulate Jean's brother, Sergeant Keith McDowell, and his bride, who return from honeymoon, and George's brother, Gillie, also in line for congratulations on birth of daughter, Pamela. Gillie comes on to party after visiting Val at Wahroonga Sanatorium.

HOLIDAY in Canberra for Mrs. John Carroll, who stays in Federal capital with Mrs. Don Rogers while Don is away as secretary to Prime Minister (Mr. Curtin) overseas.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, after their wedding, John Carter, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Roslyn Macarthur Onslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Macarthur Onslow, of Terrigal. Bridegroom is son of late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter, of Kikiamah, Young.

NO coupon troubles for Alison Grant, who plans early marriage with Lieutenant Terry Arnott, R.A.N.V.R., when he arrives home on leave after four years' absence from Australia on active service.

Reason is Terry, who was recently mentioned in dispatches, has sent Alison lovely materials from different ports of call.

Bride-to-be, who is ex-Freshman girl, is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of Pymble. Ceremony will be at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Alison's sister, Mrs. Noel Dampney, and Mrs. Don Wilson will be matrons of honor. Patricia O'Donnell, who was fellow Aawms girl, is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of Pymble. Ceremony will be at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Alison's sister, Mrs. Noel Dampney, and Mrs. Don Wilson will be matrons of honor. Patricia

O'Donnell, who was fellow Aawms girl, is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of Pymble. Ceremony will be at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Alison's sister, Mrs. Noel Dampney, and Mrs. Don Wilson will be matrons of honor. Patricia

PROFESSOR and Mrs. Copland entertain bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Athol Tier, and Dr. Thomas Wood at luncheon on Sunday following wedding before Dr. Wood leaves for Sydney, where he is guest at Admiralty House.

NEWSY letter received by Mrs. George Twohill, of Edgecliff, from her son, Lieutenant George Twohill, A.I.F., telling her details of recent marriage at St. Monica's Cathedral, Cairns, with Sister Monica Murphy, A.A.N.S.

Lieutenant Mac. Nathan, A.I.F., of Sydney, was best man. Couple now honeymooning at Innisfail. By the way, Mrs. Twohill tells me

young son, Sergeant Bill Twohill, A.I.F., on leave from New Guinea, has been mentioned in dispatches.



TOAST FOR BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Captain Donald Tier, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Lieutenant Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S., toast each other at reception held at Union Hall dining-room, Melbourne University, following ceremony at Scots Church. Bride is elder daughter of Prices Commissioner (Professor Douglas Copland) and Mrs. Copland.



FOUNDATION STONE CEREMONY. Lady Gowrie, who laid foundation stone of Lady Gowrie Nurses' Home at Women's Hospital, Crown Street, entertained at afternoon tea following ceremony by Chairman Sir Henry Braddon (right). Mrs. Robert Dixon, and medical superintendent of hospital, Dr. M. Thompson (standing).



ANZAC HOUSE YOUNGER SET. Betty Snow, Betty Anev, and Mrs. A. C. Pitcher, members of newly formed Anzac House Younger Set, who will sell souvenir programmes at "Front Line Show"—official opening of Anzac House Appeal at Town Hall this Tuesday.

LOVELY canteen of community plate cutlery sent by Dame Mary and W. M. Hughes to Douglas Davidson and Frances Catta, who choose St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, for their marriage. Douglas, who is attached to American Army, and Frances honeymoon at Lapstone Hotel, and plan future home at Vaucluse.

GAY round of farewell parties for Lieutenant Robert Wallace (U.S. Army) and Mrs. Wallace, who was Carma Aboud, before they leave Australia for America. Robert is granted a month's leave upon arrival home, and he and Carma plan holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wallace, at home in Eire, Pemusia.

CABLED news from Los Angeles to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bedwell, of Seaforth, from their daughter Mrs. Milton Vedder, widow of Lieutenant Milton Vedder, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, giving them news of the birth of her son. Mrs. Vedder, before her marriage last May at St. Philip's, Church Hill, was Corporal Betty Bedwell, W.A.A.F.

TWENTY-FIRST birthday party given by parents Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Gerrard, for daughter Peggy, at their Northwood home.

Peggy is a Kambah Old Girl, and for two years has been trainee-nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

*Joyce*

## Interesting People

MISS A. WYNDHAM

asthma aftercare

FIRST Government-sponsored almoner in N.S.W. is Miss Awdry Wyndham, who is attached to special asthma clinic recently started at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.



Most of the treatment must be carried out by the patients themselves and it is Miss Wyndham's duty to visit them and smooth out any social and economic difficulties.

S/LDR. S. W. DOBELL-BROWN

hospital history

COMMANDING officer of R.A.A.F. hospital which made history by landing with shock troops at Aitape, New Guinea. 30-year-old Sydney doctor Squadron Leader Stephen W. Dobell-Brown was also responsible for its organisation. Completely self-contained, with operating theatre, X-ray, sterilising plant, weighs only 35 tons, accommodates 80 patients. Squadron Leader Dobell-Brown was in New Guinea. Returned to join R.A.A.F.

*joyce*

MRS. KATRINA MILLS

Red Cross libraries

NEWLY appointed director of library services at Australian Red Cross National Headquarters, Melbourne, is Mrs. Katrina Mills, of Sydney. Her work covers co-ordination of library services in hospitals, convalescent depots. Before present appointment she was honorary assistant librarian to Red Cross in New South Wales. She studied at Sorbonne, Paris.





## Movie World

• ELEANOR POWELL'S spirited tap-dancing has made her a favorite on camp tours. You will see her soon with Red Skelton and Jimmy Dorsey's band in MGM's "I Dood It." (Top left.)

• BARBARA BRITTON is one of Paramount's most popular young stars and a very enthusiastic worker at the Hollywood Canteen. Next film, "Till We Meet Again," with Ray Milland. (Above.)

• LOUISE ALLBRITTON is one of the tallest actresses in Hollywood, and Universal have capitalised on her height by giving her glamorous, worldly roles. Louise has been on camp tours in America and overseas. (Left.)

### HARVESTING AUSTRALIA'S HEAVIEST CROP



Make Extra Money  
At Home—Easily

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## GLOVE MAKING

You can quickly earn extra money regularly by making hand-made gloves for us in your own home. Gloves can no longer be imported. Will you help in your spare hours? Making gloves is as easy as A.R.C. No experience is needed. We show how—and remember, NO COUPONS ARE REQUIRED. This issue is the first. You can do this profitable work at home. Working outfit with materials FREE. We pay forwarding charges on all gloves supplied. Get busy! This is your real chance to make extra money in your spare time at home quickly and easily. Write to-day for full particulars of this simple glove-making for extra money, also copy of our Marketing Book and Special Winter Offer.

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## Don't Neglect

A Common Complaint. It May Lead to Serious Results

When people, generally, understand that many diseases almost invariably begin in a simple case of piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of this trouble. DOAN'S OINTMENT is unequalled for every form of Piles—Bleeding, Itching, Protruding, and Blind Piles, and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap but effective remedy right from the start, because at such times a single tin has often effected a cure, while in the old deep-seated, chronic cases, several tins are sometimes necessary.

DOAN'S OINTMENT is healing, antiseptic, and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming Eczema and other skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.

Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.



## Do You Know?

The girl in the hanging gardens of Babylon were built for Amuria, wife of Nebuchadnezzar, used a weird dentifrice. Beauties of her day mixed beer, oil, and safflower plant together. Glamour girls of today know that dingy teeth and boy-friends just don't mix. They use Kolynos Dental Cream. Why don't you try it? Kolynos will give new gleaming loveliness to your smile.

**Ancient Superstition.** If you find the back tooth of a horse and carry it about with you all your life, you will never want for money. **Modern Fact.** You need only half an inch of Kolynos on a dry brush to clean every tooth in your head.

**Aged 100—cut new teeth!** In the time of Queen Elizabeth James Horke of Belfast at the age of 100 "gott a sett of teeth such as drove out all ye old stumps."

**Tooth decay a sign of wealth?** In ancient Egypt only the upper classes had decayed teeth. The teeth of peasants and slaves who ate rough, raw foods were perfect. These days anyone can keep clear of dental decay. Kolynos Dental Cream bubbles into those tiny interstices that your brush can't reach, removing food deposits that are the cause of decay.

## Colorful Coney Island musical



1 **EDDIE** (George Montgomery) and pal, Frankie (Phil Silvers), call on ex-partner, Joe (Cesar Romero), who runs successful cafe.

2 **WHEN** Joe refuses to give pair a job, they open a side-show, and after Kate (Betty Grable) tries to ruin show, Joe sends men over to smash the place.



3 **TRICKING JOE** into making him his partner, Eddie wins Kate's dislike when he tries to improve her singing, but she soon realises that he is right.



4 **KATE** becomes a success, and consents to marry Eddie, but Joe, in love with her himself, pulls another trick, and Kate, believing his story, rushes from the church.



5 **CAPITALISING** on his trick, Joe introduces Kate to a famous producer, who makes her big star.

6 **SEEING** Kate is still in love with Eddie, Joe reunites the couple by revealing the trick he used.

## Gay carnival atmosphere

OPENING to the burly-bury tempo of New York's famed and riotous seashore playground, "the 20th Century Fox film, "Coney Island," plunges immediately into a turbulent merry-go-round as both George Montgomery and Cesar Romero try to outsmart each other for the affections of Betty Grable.

There are some catchy new song hits, written especially for Miss Grable, as well as such nostalgic melodies as "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer."

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calcium—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else 1/3. \*\*\*

There is a part of AUSTRALIA you love

...WORK..SAVE..INVEST IN IT!



Buy

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES OR

5/- NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

Victory may be costly but scenes like these remind us that our heritage is priceless. Australia is your country... Help to keep it yours. Invest every penny you can in it.

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**KAYSER**  
GLOVES—HOSEIERY—LINGERIE



BEHIND the scenes in Hollywood, countless technicians are still hard at work planning new screen triumphs for tomorrow... grooming new stars... creating new miracle aids to beauty that will make the women of the post-war world lovelier, more alluring, more exciting...

In the film capital laboratories of Max Factor, Hollywood, exciting innovations in the cosmetic field have already swept America, and only await happier days to be introduced into Australia. Until then you are asked to use your present supplies of Max Factor Hollywood Make-Up as sparingly as possible... and to buy only what you actually need.



## Tweeds are fashion firsts this winter



Rene.

## AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that Dulux is giving, so I can't help you on your civilian jobs at present."



THE SYNTHETIC FINISH  
SUPERIOR ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

**BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER**



## To Women in Middle Life!

RELIEF FROM HOT FLUSHES, NERVOUS DISORDERS, SENSATIONS OF HOT AND COLD, DIZZY SPELLS, INSOMNIA, BACKACHE, RHEUMATIC AND JOINT PAINS. Blessed relief from the condition which mars the existence of so many women at the critical middle period of a woman's life can now be had—thanks to modern medical research.

During recent years women all over Australia have been successfully treated by Doctor M. S. Lawrence, M.B., B.S., whose results reported are a message of hope to women everywhere... a grand feeling of general well-being when formerly almost unable to leave the house. The M. & S. Research Laboratory has published a booklet about this treatment. Write, call, or phone MA2661, and it will be sent to you free, together with a clinical chart, in which you record your symptoms so that your doctor can advise if the treatment can assist YOU.

If you wish, send 12/- for trial course of treatment.

Our Clinical Advisory Service is Free and Without Obligation.

M. & S. Research Laboratory  
M.U.O.F. Bldg., 186 Elizabeth Street,  
Sydney.

MR. COVERLEY, a comfortable figure buttoned into blue battle-dress, said how-do and that he was so mouldy from doing nothing he wouldn't know what to do himself.

They strolled back through the soft natural dusk and sat on her balcony. The moon rose, turning the trees in the square into an enchanted forest.

"You know," said Sam, "that's a right pretty moon. They couldn't do better than that at home."

"I expect this means you are getting over the homesickness."

"Haven't been homesick a lick since you walked into my room and shook me so forcibly. Talking of force, that girl Violet seems awfully strong. I wonder why she isn't in one of the Services."

"She wants to go very much."

"Then why doesn't she? That's one thing about Americans—the girls don't hang on to their mothers' apron strings after they've grown six feet high."

"And that's another thing about Americans," said Sylvia crisply. "They must hold the world's record for leaping to conclusions."

The night of his fire-watching, Sam went upstairs to his room and settled down to a heavy book on European history. Some time later he was jerked out of his absorption by a sound. He switched off the light and drew back the blackout curtains. Far away and high up, he could hear the passing of aircraft. The sound was stirring and exciting—and the thought of all that invisible power was somewhat frightening.

"It's all right," Sylvia's voice said suddenly, "they're ours."

She must have come out on her balcony. He guessed she'd been awake wondering if he'd get on all right.

"Hey, you go to sleep."

"All right. If there is a warning, call me."

"Do you think there will be?"

"Well, we raided Berlin last night. Good-night, Sam."

He remained leaning on his win-

dow-sill, looking out into the velvety black. Time dragged slowly, waiting. It was a curious business, fire-watching. All over the city, in every block and building, warehouse and factory, there was a man, woman, or child, sitting up—waiting like himself in a bedroom or up on a roof. Every night, fine or wet or cold, someone was there....

There was a whisper of sound which sent a prickle through his blood. A banshee cry wailing up coming nearer. Unmistakable now, the sirens were sounding.

He whirled round, fell over a chair, and flew down the stairs.

"Sylvia!" He found a silken shoulder and shook it.

"Drat the man!" she groaned. "The boudoir, the beauty aid!" She stirred. "Hitler, I mean. All right, I'm awake. Go to the post and report. Don't forget your tin hat."

He chased up the stairs again and found his helmet. Outside, the night was tingling to the quivering of the sirens. The ray from his dimmed torch found the railing which guarded the steps to the warden's post, and he leaped down them. The warden was in the doorway.

"Hello, Mr. Coverley," Sam panted. "Sector 8 alert or whatever you say!"

"Good," said Mr. Coverley. "Just putting on a little show for you. Mr. Lawrence."

Returning, Sam was aware of hurry and movement in the darkness. He heard running footsteps, the clink of equipment, caught the gleam of helmets.

In his own street he nearly ran down a wandering body.

"It's Mr. Lawrence, isn't it?"

He winked his torch at the other's feet. It was Colonel Tenchley and his bulldog.

"No need to hurry, I fancy." The colonel turned round and walked along with him. "Those guns are some distance off. Probably down the Estuary."

Another figure rose from the dark steps of Number 44. It was Sylvia, and in the glimpse he got by torchlight she looked neat and unexpectedly military. She wore a steel helmet, trench coat and leather gloves, and there was a lanyard round her neck. No one else seemed to be astir. The sound of the barrage increased suddenly. The colonel, who seemed to be wide awake and interested, said, "Ah," and named the locality of the batteries. Sylvia yawned.

"What about the others?" asked Sam nervously. "Shouldn't they be going to a shelter?"

"Bless you," said Sylvia. "They won't go to a shelter. There may be work for them to do. Go in and look if you like. They should be up, some of them."

SAM went in through the front door and stopped in astonishment. There they were sitting on the stairs, looking like caricatures of themselves.

Over an assortment of odd garments they wore old coats and they had gloves and helmets in their laps. They were chatting without any sign of concern. In the hall was a pile of pumps and snuffers. The old ladies of Barbary Square versus the Luftwaffe, thought Sam, with a gleam of sardonic pity. There would be a nice mess when the bombs began to fall.

Sam rejoined Sylvia and the colonel in the street. A light grew out of the sky. A string of incandescent globes came floating down.

Something struck the earth three solid blows. A whistle blew faintly. Sylvia pulled at her lanyard. "Oh, dear," she said, and her voice was low and had a quaver, "here we go again." She ran out into the street and blew a blast. Her voice rang out: "Take cover!"

Sam joined her and they trotted the length of their side of the square, then back to Number 44.

A shadowy group had gathered. "Ferdie and Violet, will you take the roof?" said Sylvia.

"Righto."

The guns had hung a solid curtain of sound against the night. At intervals a larger explosion made the fabric shake and billow. Sam felt the wind of an explosion he did not hear, then came a curious medley of whistling and hissing. Something bounced and rattled on the roadway and he jumped a foot.

"What was that?"

"Incendiaries," Sylvia told him. "Open the bin, please, colonel."

She ran out in the street, giving little toots on her whistle. The doors

## A House in Barbary Square

Continued from page 5

of Number 44 opened and some of the fire-fighters flowed down the steps and into the square.

The bathtubs which had so amused Sam had been dragged from the shrubbery to act as reservoirs. He stopped for a moment to breathe and admire the way two women were handling a stirrup-pump. He could hear what they were saying. "I said to her quite frankly that in my opinion the least she could do was to stay with the children in the country. Water off, dear."

He found Sylvia looking anxiously upward. "It's Violet and Ferdie. I'm worried about them. A shower of bombs must have fallen across the roof."

"Want me to go up there?"

"You would certainly break your neck. They'll have to carry on. They're frightfully nippy, those two."

"Violet and Ferdie?"

"They're the best in the square. It's a sort of game with them—they take the most frightful chances."

Darkness had crept round them again. It was dispelled by another flare dropped from above, and faces were ghastly and eyes glinted fire. The whistling, rushing sound came again.

Sam stared at the thing which had fallen on the lawn of the square and knocked a hole there. It was about thirty inches long and four inches through.

"Hey, Sylvia," he shouted, "these are different."

Her whistle was shrilling. Her voice was dismayed and urgent. "Take cover. Everybody, please."

Something struck with a shower of earth among the flower beds.

Mrs. Cherrill ran toward it, carrying a long-handled spade. Paralysis descended on the scene in the square. People stood in frozen attitudes with staring faces. Sam was the first to shake it off. He began to run. He had won the high hurdles at his college, he had a spring and a stride, but now he felt like a slow-motion picture of a man running.

He stretched out his arm, he felt Mrs. Cherrill's body bent over it with the force of his rush. He knew the bomb was going off, his mind seemed to turn toward it as his body arched away from it.

His room was bright with flowers the next day and people kept dropping in, trying to thank him without actually talking about it. Mrs. Cherrill, he learned, was pretty well, some shock, but no burns. He himself had a bad headache which wore off, and a burn on one arm

where a fragment had nicked it. In the evening, Sylvia came in with a book, some apples, and more flowers.

"Thanks. Gosh, Barbary Square certainly goes in for flowers."

"Perhaps we feel that you deserve them." She put her face against a fragrant sheaf. "These are lovely."

"Violet brought those. She's a great girl—Violet. I'm strong for her. She and Ferdie must have had a hot time on the roofs last night. Ferdie was telling me about it. One of the new ones—a dairyma-

ster he calls them—got stuck in the steel netting and they slid down and pushed it into the street. It went off and blew in a garage door."

"I get a big kick out of Ferdie; he's as cool as a cucumber. And do you know something? The Cherrills used to live in a village on the south coast, and they were bombed a lot, and one day the bombs got the school. Mrs. Cherrill can never forget about it, and sometimes at night when she can't sleep, it causes her to sit on the stairs. Sylvia told me about it. She said she hoped they hadn't disturbed me sitting there one night. She's a great girl—Violet."

"It's tough on her being tied down here, but the way she figures it she has to be with her mother at this time, no matter what she wants to do herself."

"What a lot of news!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Was Colonel Tenchley in to see you?"

"Sure, he spent the afternoon here. We'll have to go down and smoke a pipe with him one night, Sylvia. The old boy is lonely. He's spent half his life in the Burmese jungle; he's almost forgotten how to get along with white folk."

"People aren't so queer when you know them, are they?"

"Queer? These people aren't queer. We've got a great gang here in good old 44, and we're going to have a lot of fun. I like this town! Gosh, you're beautiful!"

She jumped. "Do you always say things like that—bang, without any introduction?"

"Build-up, we say. Yep, I like this town, with its barrage balloons and its gardens and its lovely Miss Sylvia Cromer. A great town for a love affair."

She was going, she gathered up her gloves and handbag. At the door she stopped and gave him a little salute.

"I shall observe your progress with the greatest interest."

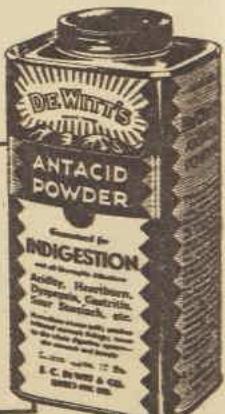
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## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

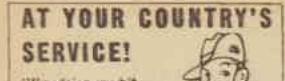
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**DIRECTIONS FOR USE:**  
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.  
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.  
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.  
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.



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In sky-blue canisters, 2'6  
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TIRIED of the way you do your hair? Then try this style. It's a coiffure most becoming to the woman with a full face. Note the way the hair is kept flat at sides and lifted in graceful swirls at the top. Such a style will do miracles for your looks.



YOU ARE GOING OUT for the evening and you want to look and feel just a little festive . . . add a multiple bow, a camellia, or a well-chosen artificial flower to your informal hair-do. But no matter the style, see that your hair shines with health and good treatment. Brush it daily.

YOU ARE EIGHTEEN and you've decided to wear your hair longer for winter, then copy this sweet, informal style pictured above. Don't concentrate all you've got on the front; however—do see that the back is well groomed, otherwise it will look "rungy."

**Give thanks for your daily bread — provided it's . . .**

## WHEATMEAL

• No need to worry so much about meat-rationing if you eat more wholemeal bread, also oatmeal, the vitamin B1 foods.

By MEDICO

MEAT, as you may—or may not—know is a good source of Vitamin B1, or thiamin, to give it its modern name.

This is the vitamin that makes for healthy nerves, that supplies energy, helps you to maintain a good appetite, for healthy digestion, and prevents you becoming a victim of that tired feeling.

In Australia, we tend to under-consume this vitamin, more especially since meat-rationing is with us. So it behoves every wife and mother to see that the meat supply is evenly distributed within the family circle and that it is supplemented by other foods supplying this important vitamin, as wheatmeal and oatmeal.

Now, the majority of Australians eat white bread in preference to wheatmeal or wholemeal bread; others say they cannot get it as often as they wish.

But in the interests of the health of their families, housewives should demand wheatmeal bread—and keep on demanding it.

The British people have a "national" wheatmeal loaf which provides the Vitamin B which they so direly need. This "national" wheatmeal loaf has certainly played an important part in the surprisingly high standard of health of the people during their years of travail.

In Britain more of the outer covering of the wheat is retained in the flour used in baking bread.

Actually 85 per cent of the wheat grain is in the British flour.

"Many Australian mills," states the Australian National Health and Medical Council, "fall far short of what is necessary for the manufacture of good flour."

Only 70 per cent of the wheat grain goes into Australian flour.

Therefore, it is all the more necessary that you and the family should eat plenty of wheatmeal bread.

Wheatmeal or wholemeal bread should be eaten within 36 hours of baking to obtain best flavor value.

## WHY DOES YOUR CHILD DISOBEY YOU?

By SISTER MARY JACOB

"No, you can't!" "Didn't I tell you not to do that?" "No! No! No!"

How often you hear these phrases and threats of punishment to overtired children when travelling on ferry, bus, or train.

Do you say "No" far too many times unnecessarily to your toddler? Do you threaten to punish him and then not carry out your promise when correction is necessary?

Obedience in children must be won and not demanded, and mere submission to control of others is not the highest type of obedience.

Children often disobey for various causes such as curiosity, fear, and fatigue.

A leaflet describing some of these causes has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureaus and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4089W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope Mothercraft.

## Self-help in the . . .

### GARDEN

• If you want to save yourself time, trouble, and expense, read this . . .

By OUR HOME GARDENER

NEVER bury strong-growing perennial weeds such as dandelion, sorrel, docks, paddly's lucerne, or couch grass in the fond belief that winter will kill them. They will come up again stronger than ever.

Mulching perennial plants for the winter too soon or too heavily is another common gardening mistake. In either case the result is likely to be continuing growth followed by rotting or other serious injury.

Two or three inches of mulch is a good general rule to follow.

Another mistake is to allow the small roots of trees, shrubs, and perennials, or any other type of plant, to get dry during transplanting operations.

Even a few minutes' exposure to sun or wind may wither their delicate texture, so be sure to keep them moist by covering with moist bagging or similar material.

Taking a complacent attitude to the first few aphids, mealy bugs, brown vegetable weevils, caterpillars, or cutworms that appear in the garden is also a mistake. Never adopt that "I'll get you to-morrow" attitude. Spray, dust, or hand-pick and destroy that pest to-day.

Failure to realise that all plants which live more than a year must have a resting period when they consolidate their gains and prepare for future efforts is another gardening "blomer." Don't expect chrysanthemums, phlox, perennial asters, and the like to keep growing and flowering like mad for ever — you couldn't do that yourself.

Lift them when the flowering has finished, re-manure the soil, divide the plants, and thus give them a "rest." This also applies to gladioli, narcissi, most of the ixia tribe, and hyacinths—but not to snowflakes or lilliums.

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Discomfort, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital processes of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause the trouble, and blood vessels are too tight to allow excretion normally. Stop Troubles with remarkable Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory, or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/- & 1/-.

**Cystex**

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES



Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

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Alloyne Leslie handles some posers.



Q: For two whole years Dan has been taking Ann out—but never a hint of wedding bells from him. What's her best move?

1. Cut him out of her life?
2. Let him see how much she loves him and ask if he's serious?
3. Carry on and hope all will come well one day?

A: No. 3, Ann, but with a big difference! Now's the time to wheel out your heaviest ammunition. Concentrate on a milk-and-roses complexion, liven up a couple of presentable males as decoys and open your campaign. Begin the good work with Erasmic Cream. In no time you'll have him at your feet—with a sapphire in his hand and a honeymoon on his mind.



Q: Carol is over-the-ears in love with her dearest girl friend's brother, but the girl friend knows that Carol cuts no ice with him. Should she—

1. Say nothing and hope events will save a broken heart?
2. Have an intimate talk with Carol?
3. Put brother wise?

A: Correct is No. 1, May. If you have that radiant complexion men can't forget, he'll be the one to make the overtures. Keep yourself in line for such thrilling moments by using Erasmic Cold Cream nightly to freshen skin and give it the satiny look and feel that turns a girl into a real star-line siren.

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aid to perfect hearing. The Stabilized Feed-Back, an exclusive Western Electric feature, which insures perfect sound reproduction, and the new True Tone system, which gives a natural, clear sound quality, are the very latest discoveries by the research scientists at Western Electric, the world pioneers in sound reproduction and transmission. Your visit places you under no obligation, to make an appointment for an Audiometric test.

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